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procural of a new charter with a thorough reform of all abuses. Nor did he hesitate upon all occasions to denounce the governing body, and to join in the cry of vituperation as loudly as the rest. But of late, an extraordinary, an unnatural calm has ensued. Mr. Lawrence has accepted a seat at this very unreformed board ; and in this circumstance alone can an explanation of the phenomenon be sought.

The general opinion which seems to prevail at present, touching the character and conduct of Mr. Lawrence, is that of his singular but ill regulated regard to the pursuit of his peculiar ambition. All men who see him now, and have not known him formerly, profess their wonder where that wicked spirit may be fled, that once kept the religious world in a roar, and the council in a continual turmoil ; but there are not wanting among the wonderers many who, by their shrewd and significant glances, show that they suspect from whence the tranquillity, the *quietus* is derived. Mr. Lawrence, in fact, has ceased to make a noise in the world. He practises his profession diligently—and, we believe, enjoys extensive practice ; performs his duties admirably well as an hospital surgeon ; and discharges his functions as a teacher of his art with all due attention and success. He is now, at length, in the right road of establishing for himself a solidly respectable reputation ; and though he may not now come before the public in that conspicuous, but questionable shape, in which he has for some time figured, he will find, we are persuaded, his present course, if not equally interesting, most assuredly equally profitable.

As a professional man, Mr. Lawrence ranks most deservedly high. In all the more valuable accomplishments of a good surgeon, he is inferior to few. He may not be so dexterous and capital an operator as Sir Astley Cooper, or Mr. Key ; but in all that tact, and judgment, and skill, which is quite as valuable, as dexterity in the use of the knife—he cannot, perhaps, be excelled. It is his boast, as it should be that of every surgeon who loves the art he professes, that the necessity for performing operations—thanks to the great advances that have been made in the knowledge of medical treatment—has wonderfully declined of late years. In St. Bartholomew's hospital, we have heard him say, the number of operations now annually performed, is not half what it was thirty years ago ; and the decrease has been progressive within the intervening period. This is a glorious testimony to the progress of sound professional principles.

As an author we have noticed Mr. Lawrence pretty fully ; we shall merely add that his style of writing is as elegant and polished as his research upon all occasions is extensive and profound. And he speaks as he writes. His language in the discussion of professional subjects (in the Medico Chirurgical Society, for example) is as correct and fluently uttered as if it had been written first and committed to memory afterwards, whilst the spirit of his replies never fails to elicit the most unequivocal expressions of admiration.

SCHOOLS OF SURGERY IN IRELAND.

Having given an outline of the Introductory Lecture delivered by Mr. Lawrence, at the commencement of the Session in London, it might be expected that we should not pass in silence the opening of the various Schools of Surgery in our own city ; but they took place so late in the

month (25th October,) as to preclude the possibility of giving the merest abstract. On that day, however, we attended at the School in Peter's-street, the College of Surgeons, and that in Park-street, and on the day following, at the Richmond School, Brunswick-street.

Entering the School in PETER'S-STREET a few minutes after twelve, we found the Lecturer, Mr. Ellis, a well-built, round-faced, pleasant-looking little man, *on his legs*. We could perceive nothing of the paraphernalia of office before him—*no subjects* of any kind—not even *a death's head*, except such as might be found on living shoulders, among nearly one hundred living subjects. The lecture was in character with the man—plain, practical, and unostentatious. He informed his audience that *life* was a simple idea, of which no clearly-defined and adequate description could be given—alluded to the benefits which must result to the public generally, in so far as the retention of that life might be concerned, from the practice of Surgery by individuals properly qualified—not forgetting to hint at the thousand evils consequent upon the attempts of impudent empirics. Nor did he neglect the opportunity of pleasing the warm imaginations of the youthful portion of his auditory, by telling them how little more than one thousand years since Ireland was what she ought to be, the seat of science, and the nursing-mother of the arts; and that now, that certain measures had been carried, she would again become a land of philosophers, and the home of every virtue. But, to be serious—the discourse presented a plain and practical view of the progress of Surgery, without any far-fetched exhibitions of learning or research—and the political allusion at which we have glanced, was the only portion of it which we would pronounce out of place. The Lecturer paid a well merited compliment to Mr. Kirby, a man to whom we believe it is generally admitted, the Surgical profession in Ireland is much indebted.

It was just one when he concluded—and moving at the top of our speed, we arrived at the COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, a few minutes after Mr. Harrison had commenced. On entering the Lecture-room, we were forcibly struck by the superior appearance the place presented, to that which we had just quitted. Here was an elegant room, somewhat in the form of an amphitheatre, which although capable of containing from four hundred to five hundred persons, was crowded to excess by individuals of every age. Before the Lecturer was a long table, on which were placed numerous bottles containing preparations of various animals, while behind him were seen several drawings descriptive of the gradations of animal existence, and explanatory of their peculiar classifications. In form and stature, the Lecturer here was not very unlike the gentleman we had previously heard—but superior to him in the style of his composition, and the manner of its delivery. He spoke extemporaneously—without the slightest note—for fully one hour. His enunciation was of that rapid, yet distinct character, which has always the effect of carrying the hearer's mind along with the speaker; not a syllable was lost—not a sentence tired—not a word but played its part. In fact, a more instructive, pleasing, or appropriate oration of its kind, we never heard; and we are quite sure, if we may judge of the mind from the expression of the countenance, there was not one present who did not fully coincide in our estimation of it.

Arriving at PARK-STREET, a few minutes before the hour, we took our seat amongst the students; and as it was some time before the Lecturer made his appearance, we had full opportunity of observing the room and the company;—the latter was numerous, the students in one direction joking and laughing, those in another, intently perusing books

which they had brought with them; on a table were placed a dead rabbit, a geranium in blow, a large pear, and a piece of some description of mineral. Ha! thought we, this augurs well—we shall have a good Lecture here, if we may judge from the preparations and the *anxiety* of the students. At length, the Lecturer, Mr. Hart, appeared—a most metaphysical-looking gentleman, who seemed to have lived more upon intellectual than sensual indulgences; his countenance appeared scathed by the rays of the midnight lamp; and we would most certainly pronounce him to be a member of the Temperance Society, after the straitest manner of that sect. Well, he commenced, and he proceeded, and he concluded—and here we might stop, for this indicates truly the character of his Lecture: his matter was indifferent—but his manner was worse. He read his composition, but it was such reading as we have heard occasionally from our devil, when he came across some of that manuscript which frequently puzzles ourselves—English writ in Chinese character. On the whole, we would say, that we hope his next attempt may be better, as we have every reason to believe that his deficiency arose more from a kind of diffidence, or *mauvaise honte*, than from a want of knowledge of his subject. It is only fair, however, also to add, that this lecture seemed to form but a part of a series intended to be given; and when he shall come to the more regular and practical parts of his subject, we have no doubt the gentleman will be found well fitted for the office. The elementary principles of a science require different powers from those which are suitable to practical teaching; and however talented Mr. Hart may be—and we understand he is a very clever man, and one of the best naturalists in the city—still it must be admitted, there is a vast difference between an individual possessing a great deal of knowledge himself, and being competent to impart that knowledge to others in the situation of a Lecturer. Having said thus much in candour, we may also observe, that we understand this School can boast of as much talent and skill in several of the individuals connected with it, as any similar establishment in the city. To an operation recently performed by one of the gentlemen, we may find a future occasion to allude.

Of the Lecture or the Lecturer at the RICHMOND SCHOOL, Brunswick-street, we have nothing very particular to remark. The former appeared to us to be a piece of well digested composition, the general tendency of which went to impress on the minds of the students the various knowledge and acquirements necessary for the successful practitioner. It was read by Dr. M'Donnell, in a plain, easy, gentlemanlike manner, though in rather too low a tone of voice, and from the circumstance of the Lecturer never raising his head from his manuscript, he was at times scarcely audible.

It is possible we may give, in future Numbers, such extracts from these Lectures as may appear to us to be generally interesting.

THE BAR—KEEPING TERMS IN LONDON.

“The good old times” are gone by, and many of the good old things which gave this positive quality to the times, are departed also; and the lover of antiquity may look back in hopelessness to the period when age alone could confer propriety. “Whatever is, is right,” seems to be a maxim which, for all practical purposes, is as little bowed to, as if Pope never said it. The present is truly the day of inquiry; and because